

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXVI.

FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 9

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.

Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class
mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

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GIVE TO THE WINDS THY FEARS.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand.

Thou comprehend'st him not:
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

—*Tr. by John Wesley.*

THE LIFE AFTER DEATH.

The Pantheist says that a philosopher ought to be immortal, for he is the crown of things. The Theist says that a tortured slave, a degraded woman, *must* be immortal, for God's creature could not have been made for torture and pollution. To minds which have been wont to ponder on the theme of the meaning and purpose of creation, this ground of faith in Immortality is perhaps the most broadly satisfactory of any. Having once learned to think of God as the Almighty Guide who is leading every soul He has made to the joy of eternal union with Himself, it becomes simply impossible to lower that conception, and think of Him as content to "let him that is unjust be unjust still," and permit His rebellious child to perish for ever with a blasphemy on his lips.

Again, the incompleteness and imperfection of the noblest part of man, compared to the finished work which creation elsewhere presents, affords ground for the presumption that that noblest part has not yet reached the development it is intended to attain. The green leaf gives no promise of becoming anything but a leaf, and in due time it withers and drops to the ground without exciting in the beholder any sense of disappointment. But the flower-bud holds out a different prospect.

Human love also urges on us an appeal to Faith which has probably been to millions of hearts the most conclusive of all. We are fond of quoting the assertion, that

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

But its truth may very much be questioned, unless we can trust that the "many waters" of the Dark River "cannot quench love," and that we shall surely rejoice still in that light of life upon the further shore. Intense love becomes torture if we believe it to be a transient joy, the "meteor gleam of a starless night," and fear that it must soon go out in unfathomable gloom. To think of the one whose innermost self is to us the world's chief treasure, the most beautiful and blessed

thing God ever made, and believe that at any moment that mind and heart may cease to be, and become only a memory, every noble gift and grace extinct, and all the fond love for ourselves forgotten for ever,—this is such agony, that having once known it we should never dare again to open our hearts to affection, unless some ray of hope should dawn for us beyond the grave. Love would be the curse of mortality were it to bring always with it such unutterable pain of anxiety, and the knowledge that every hour which knitted our heart more closely to our friend also brought us nearer to an eternal separation. Better never to have ascended to that high *Vita Nuova* where self-love is lost in another's weal, better to have lived like the cattle which browse and sleep while they wait the butcher's knife, than to endure such despair.

But is there nothing in us which refuses to believe all this nightmare of the final sundering of loving hearts? Love itself seems to announce itself as an eternal thing. It has such an element of infinity in its tenderness, that it never fails to seek for itself an expression beyond the limits of time, and we talk, even when we know not what we mean, of "undying affection," "immortal love." It is the only passion which in the nature of things we can carry with us into another world, and it is fit to be prolonged, intensified, glorified for ever. It is not so much a joy we may take with us, as the joy which can make any world a heaven when the affections of earth shall be perfected in the supreme love of God. It is the sentiment which we share with God, and by which we live in Him and He in us. All its beautiful tenderness, its noble self-forgetfulness, its pure and ineffable delight, are the rays of God's Sun of Love reflected in our souls.

Is all this to end in two poor heaps of silent dust decaying slowly in their coffins side by side in the vault? If so, let us have done with prating of any Faith in heaven or earth. We are mocked by a fiend. Mephistopheles is on the throne of the universe.

The first of these forms of direct faith is too familiar a topic to need much elucidation. The extreme variability of its manifestations in nations and individuals makes it difficult to estimate its just value, and to decide whether we have a right to treat it as a mere tradition, or as the *quasi*-universal testimony of the soul to its own natural superiority to death. It may be remarked, however, that the belief, when examined carefully, bears very much the characteristics we should attribute to a real and spontaneous instinct, and not to any common tradition,—such as

that of a Deluge,—disseminated by the various branches of the human family in their migrations. 1st. The belief begins early, though probably not in the very earliest stage of human development. 2d. It attains its maximum among the highest races of mankind in the great primary forms of civilization. 3d. It projects such various and even contrasted ideals of the future world that it must be supposed to have sprung up indigenously in each race, and by no means to have been borrowed by one from the other. 4th. Finally, the instinct begins to falter at a later stage of civilization, when self-consciousness is more developed, and the practice of arguing about our beliefs takes the place of more simple habits of mind,—a stage which we may perhaps exactly mark in Roman history when, as Cicero tells us, "there were some in his day who had begun to doubt of Immortality." All these characters would certainly form "notes" of an original instinct in the human soul testifying to its own undyingness, and are not easily accounted for on any other hypothesis.

It will be observed that this Consciousness of Immortality, and the Expectation of Justice, spoken of above, are entirely distinct things. Though confluent at last, they have remote sources. It is at a comparatively late stage of history that the Expectation of Justice projects itself beyond the horizon of this world, and at an equally late one when the Consciousness of Immortality crystallizes into a definite idea of a state of Rewards and Punishments.

Direct reliance on this Consciousness of Immortality, when it happens to be strongly developed in the individual, is probably the origin of that robust faith which we still find, not rarely, among persons of warm and simple natures. Those amongst us who lack such a vivid instinct may yet obtain, indirectly, a ground of confidence from the observation of its almost universal prevalence, implying its Divine origin and consequent veracity. That the Creator of the human race should have so formed our mental constitution as that such a belief should have sprung up and prevailed over the whole globe, and yet that it should be from first to last a mistake, is an hypothesis which Faith cannot endure. The God of Truth will have deceived the human race if the soul of a man dies with his body.

Lastly: the most perfect and direct faith in Immortality is assuredly that which is vouchsafed to the happy souls who personally feel that they have entered into a relation with God which can never end. It is hard to speak on this sacred theme without ap-

appearing to some irreverent, to others fanatical. I can but say that there are men and women who have given their testimony in this matter whom I think we do well to trust, even as prophets who have stood on Pisgah. "Faith in God and in our eternal union with Him," said one of them, "are not two dogmas of our creed, but one." That inner experience which is the living knowledge of the one truth, brings home also the other. At a certain stage of religious progress, we cannot doubt that the man learns by direct perception that God loves him, and that "he is in God and God in him," in a sense which conveys the warrant of eternal life. As humbler souls find their last word of faith to be that of Marcus Aurelius, "Thou wilt do well for me and for the world,"—such a man has the loftier right to say with assurance: "Thou wilt guide me by Thy counsel and afterwards receive me to glory. Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, nor suffer Thine holy one to see corruption."

Perhaps the knowledge of his immortality has come to the saint in some supreme hour of adoring happiness. Perhaps it has come when the clouds of death seemed to close round him, and, instead of darkness, lo! there was a great light, and a sense of Life flowing fresh and strong against the ebbing tide of mortality; a life which is the same as love, the same as infinite joy and trust. It matters not whence or how it came. Thenceforth there is for him no more doubt. The next world is as sure as the present, and God is shining over all.

Such, for a few blessed souls, seems to be the perfect "evidence of things not seen." But can their full faith supply our lack? Can we see with their eyes and believe on their report? It is only possible in a very inferior measure. Yet if our own spiritual life have received even some faint gleams of the "light which never came from sun or star," then, once more, will our faith point the way to Immortality; for we shall know in what manner such truths come to the soul, and be able to trust that what is dawn to us may be sunrise to those who have journeyed nearer to the East than we; who have surmounted Duty more perfectly, or passed through rivers of affliction into which our feet have never dipped. God cannot have deluded them in their sacred hope of His eternal love. If their experience be a dream, all prayer and all communion may likewise be dreams. In so far as we have faith in such prayer and communion, we can believe in the high experience of the saints; and so in the immortal life to which it witnesses.—

By *Frances Power Cobbe*.

THE STILL HOUR.

He means for you a glorious part
In conflict as in grace:
He wills you to be pure in heart
And thus to see His face.

Choose the front battle, chosen race!
His foremost foes engage!
Approve yourselves, ye heirs of grace,
Meet for the heritage!

Ascend from height to height divine;
Grace after grace put on.
And brighter with the beauty shine
That in the Saviour shone!

Thus richly ye shall enter in
The long preparèd home;
Thus surely ye the crown shall win
And to the glory come.

—*T. H. Gill*.

All souls belong to God and to goodness by creation. God has evidently created every soul for goodness. He has carefully endowed it with indestructible faculties looking that way. Every soul has an indestructible idea of right and wrong, producing the feeling of obligation on the one hand, of penitence or remorse on the other. Every soul has the tendency to worship, to look up to some spiritual power higher than itself. Every soul is endowed with the gift of freedom, made capable of choosing between life and death, good and evil. Every soul is endowed with reason, with a capacity for knowledge; and especially is every soul endowed with the faculty of improvement, of progress.

The true self in man is not bad, but good. Man goes away from himself whenever he does wrong. Hidden in the words we use are whole volumes of history and philosophy. When our words and phrases do not come from theories, but from the long observation of the race, they often contain the results of that experience in compact form. Thus "to come to one's self" means to recover mental and moral sanity.

Let us understand, then, that our true self, our real self, is our best self. In our best hours we are most truly ourselves. We are then what God made and meant us to be. We are at one with ourselves. All our faculties work harmoniously, according to the true method. The soul commands: the body obeys. The conscience obeys the law of right: the appetites and desires are obe-

dient to that conscience. There is no such thing, therefore, as natural depravity. All depravity is unnatural.

If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves. If we say we are totally depraved we also deceive ourselves. God has put into us a great deal that is good. He has given us reason, conscience, heart, freedom, to choose good, power to resist evil. When he has done all this for us, to say that he has made us totally depraved is not humility, but ingratitude and impiety.

The sense of right and wrong, the delicacy of conscience, the feeling of moral obligation which is in us, we did not make ourselves. God gives it to us: he gives it anew all the time. It is his Holy Spirit dwelling in us, warning, advising, restraining, impelling us. It is in every human soul. This holy monitor, this sacred, solemn voice, is from grace, from love. It is the Father's arm held round every child to keep him safe from evil.

—James Freeman Clarke.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

"Church of the Disciples" Branch offers the following books. Address Mrs. J. B. Osborn, 17 Keswick Street, Boston, Mass. Arithmetic Books 273, Wentworth & Smith; Plane Geometry, Wentworth; Graded Lessons in Arithmetic, Nichols; Southworth-Stone Arithmetic, II.; Mathematics for Common Schools, Walsh; New School Algebra, Wentworth; "Recreations in Astronomy," Warren; "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field," Winchell; "The Mother Tongue," Arnold & Kittredge; Hart's Rhetoric; Worcester's Dictionary; Preparatory Greek Course in English, Wilkinson; College Greek Course in English; Allen's Latin Grammar; "Sketches in English History," Wheeler; "A Day in Ancient Rome"; Normal Music Course, Tufts & Holt; "Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean"; "Human Intercourse," Hamerton; "Hours of Exercise in the Alps";

Gospel Hymns; Moore's Poetical Works; "Hyperion," Vols. I., II.; "Poems of Nature," Whittier; Tennyson's Poems; Mrs. Heman's Poems; Cowper's Poems; Campbell's Poems; Gems from Sacred Poetry; Otto's French Grammar; Collyer's "Memoirs"; "Blythedale Romance," Hawthorne; "Faithful Forever," Coventry Patmore; "The Angel in the House," Coventry Patmore; "Divided Lives," Edgar Fawcett; "Robinson Crusoe," Defoe; "Reveries of a Bachelor"; "Quo Vadis."

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Apply to Miss Eleanor Clarke, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge, Mass. "King's Chapel Sermons," A. P. Peabody; "Roger Wolcott," Lawrence; "Tuskegee and its People," Booker T. Washington; Phillips' Brooks' "Addresses"; "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle," C. T. Shorter; "Civics for Young Americans," William N. Griffin; "The Lady of the Lake," Scott; "Getting Together," Ian Hay; "The Passing of a Great Queen" (Victoria), Corelli; "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," S. A. Drake; "The Pilot," Cooper; The Emerson Centenary in Concord; "Childhood in Literature and Art," Scudder; "Sermons and Addresses in America," Farrar; Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.

"All Souls" Branch offers the following. Apply to Mrs. F. C. Brush, 17 East 38th Street, New York City. "Hitherto," Mrs. Whitney; "The Law of the Land," Hough; The Illustrator, 3 vols.; "His Love Story," Van Vorst; Follen's Works, 5 vols.; Dewey's Works, 3 vols.; Sprague's "Unitarian Pulpit"; "Three Kingdoms," Ballard; "The House of Merrilees," Marshall; "The Tales of the Sixty Manderins," Raji; "Night Watches," Jacobs; "Common Sense in the Household," Marion Harland; "The Temptation of St. Anthony," Flaubert; "Ave Roma Immortalis," 2 vols.; "Queed," Harrison; "Bunker Bean," Wilson; "South Sea Tales," London; "The Dark Forest," Wallpole; "The Filigree Ball," Green; "Heads of the People," 2 vols.; "History of Christianity," Mosheim's Commentaries; "Beautiful Thoughts," Drummond; "Crown of Thorns," Chapin; "Self Help," Smiles; Morning Lessons.

The Brighton Branch offers the following. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Boulevard Station, Boston, Mass. *Atlantic Monthly* for 1910-11-12-13-14-15-16; "Mrs. Tree's Will," Laura E. Richards; "In Kedar's Tents," Merriman; "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman"; "Light of Asia," Arnold; "Three Heroines of New England Romance"; "Works and Days,"

Hamilton Wright Mabie; "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"; "Alice of Old Vincennes"; "The Haunts of Men"; "Lorraine," Robert W. Chambers; "St. Elmo," Augusta J. Evans; Life of Charles Dickens; "From Lady Washington to Mrs. Cleveland," 2 vols.; "Life of Cicero," 2 vols., Forsyth; "A Christmas Carol," Dickens; "Zig-Zag Journeys in Classic Lands."

REQUESTS.

1. I thank the friends for the reading sent me during the year. I am getting old and not able to go out much, and it is such comfort to have a good book to read! I should prefer to receive books or short stories, so I can get the full story at once. Mrs. Isabel Bailey, Toronto, Kansas.

2. I thank the Cheerful Letter committee, Chestnut Hill, Mass., for box of reading matter, and I will pass it on to others to enjoy. I should like a Testament for my little girl Bertha, for Sunday-school, and a Webster's school dictionary, and anything to read, especially *Woman's Home Companion* and *St. Nicholas*. Address Mrs. C. B. Messick, Bowling Green, De Soto County, Florida.

3. I thank the Cheerful Letter folks for the reading they have sent me the past year. Will some readers send me their 1918 *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Woman's Home Companion*, also *Pictorial Review*. They will be new to me after they have been read. I will pass them on to some one else. My son would like *The Youth's Companion* for 1918. We are glad to get anything to read, as we have no library near here. Mrs. D. G. Shaw, Kerr, North Carolina.

4. I come again asking for books and reading suitable for myself and children. I have six children, aged from twenty months to thirteen years. My little girls would enjoy some patchwork pieces and bits of ribbon. I thank the Cheerful Letter friends for past favors and trust to hear from them in future. Mrs. Lou N. Turner, Dodson, Virginia.

5. I am a little country girl and will be nine years of age April 29. I should be very glad if the Cheerful Letter friends would remember me on that day with cards and any kind of suitable reading. My mother and two of my sisters correspond with the Cheerful Letter club. Winifred Trevey, Snowdon, Virginia.

6. I thank all those who have sent me reading matter and patchwork pieces. Some picture-books for my little girls, nine and three years old, would be much appreciated, as also reading suitable for myself. Mrs. M. E. Washington, Endicott, R. 1, Box 17, Virginia.

7. I come again thanking all the Cheerful Letter friends for their kindness. I am so lonely! My dear husband fell dead two weeks ago, leaving me with my little grandson to care for. It seems like I cannot bear my trouble. If some of the friends would send me a few silk pieces to help me pass the lonely hours I should appreciate it; also anything to read. Address Mrs. Bettie Hall, Elamsville, Virginia.

8. *Good Housekeeping*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, or *Pictorial Review* will be fully appreciated by Mrs. Guy A. Lackey, 316 East Eupaula, Norman, Oklahoma.

9. This is my first letter to *The Cheerful Letter*. I am a little girl ten years old. I should be glad of any good story-books and should appreciate a correspondent. My minister is Rev. John Cline. Address Georgie Lee Gibson, Ansonville, R. 1, North Carolina.

10. Mrs. C. W. Pendleton, Elamsville, Virginia, asks for "Sinking of the Titanic," "Jersey Jeans," and "The Allen Tragedy."

11. Mrs. Samuel E. Davis, Agricola, Virginia, writes: I have been reading *The Cheerful Letter* and also some of your books which were sent to my aunt Miss Lucy Davies, and I enjoyed them so much! I am married, but have no children, and live in the country. I should enjoy any good reading matter you would send me, either classics or standard novels.

12. Current numbers of *Geographic* will be appreciated by Mrs. J. W. Reams, Ivor, Virginia.

13. Mrs. N. R. D. Moncure, Marion, Virginia, will greatly appreciate any books or magazines.

14. "Life of Christ," "Ben Hur," and suitable reading for children aged from eleven to four years will be welcome to Mrs. Leonard Blankinship, Whittles Depot, R. D., Virginia.

15. I have just moved into a thinly settled neighborhood and I seldom ever see

a neighbor woman, and I do get so lonely! All of my children are away most of the time except my baby boy and girl, Addie aged eleven years and Harry aged eight. They would like cards and picture-books. I should like the little *Cheerful Letter* after some one is through with it. I wish to thank all who have remembered me in the past. Mrs. W. R. Eanes, Bassett, R. 1, Virginia.

16. I am a widow and have one little boy three years old to support, and I am hardly able to work half of my time; I have rheumatism. I should be glad to receive any kind of reading matter; also any kind of picture-books for my little boy. And I should appreciate a correspondent. My reference is Rev. G. L. Ashworth, R. F. D. 3, Spencer, Virginia. My address is Mrs. Mattie Leake, Spencer, Virginia, R. F. D. 3, Care of Ephraim Joyce.

17. Maud Thomas, a miss of fifteen, asks for reading for her mother, who is an invalid. They live on a small farm in the suburbs of Oakboro. She has one brother thirteen, and two sisters eleven and six. The father is a blacksmith. Address Oakboro, North Carolina.

18. Mrs. M. T. Lackey, Dodson, Virginia, asks for *Delineator*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, or *McClure's*.

19. Miss A. Augusta Peatross, Spencer, Virginia, R. 3, Box 31, hopes some one will send her something cheerful, an interesting book or magazine.

20. Two sisters, Fannie J. and Lucy M. Foley (aged twelve and thirteen years), Fayerdale, Patrick County, Virginia, ask for reading suitable for themselves and six younger children in the family. Reference, Rev. J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Patrick County, Virginia.

21. Mildred Martin, Stella, Virginia, thanks all those who have sent her postcards and reading, also patchwork pieces. She still desires to be remembered during the cold wintry season, as she can neither go to school nor church. Her birthday is July 7, and she would be glad to receive cards on that day.

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High, are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.—*G. MacDonald.*

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

EXTEMPORANEOUS DISCIPLINE.

If I were to criticise parental government I would say that it is too extemporaneous.

There is hardly a problem that arises in home discipline that cannot be seen approaching long before it arrives. When the wind begins to blow and the sky to darken is too late to build the cyclone cellar. And if we have failed in a given emergency we are sure it will come up again that we ought to have the prescience to sit down on the spot and plan out our strategy for the next campaign. Early in each morning we ought to climb up where we can see the high spots of trouble that we are going to reach before nightfall.

Edward Everett Hale used to delight in telling how his mother used foresight to "head off" difficulties. She did not like to have her boys wandering off everywhere after school, but she did not tell them so. She just baked up a lot of delicious gingerbread every day, which the boys knew would be there waiting for them as soon as they returned, and which they were welcome to share with their comrades. The result was that when the boys had once gotten into the house they found the current number of a boys' magazine or a toy that needed playing with or a tree-house to build, and they never had time or inclination to get away.

In the Abbott family, famous for writing good books on child training and for practising its own precepts, Ernest H. shows how this method of suggestion can be utilized in getting duties done. Being fond of playing soldiers, the sons were considered a company and "inspected" each morning by their parental drill sergeant. Again, they were numbered in the militia and in emergencies were ordered to "fall in" for immediate service. Doing dishes with their mother, while she washed and they wiped, it was suggested that she was the Egyptians and they the escaping Israelites dashing out of the Red Sea. When the last fork had rattled into its place the Egyptians had been outdistanced, the Israelites were safe!

The elder Abbott (who wrote "Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young") used to apply this method of suggestion even in punishment. The children were never arbitrarily chastised, but when their fault had been calmly explained it was customary to ask each one to select his own punishment. When confinement seemed the proper thing the child chose a step on the stairs, perhaps, as his prison to which he conducted

himself and where he faithfully remained until his sentence had expired.

This method is particularly successful with stubborn children. "The best suggestion is auto-suggestion." Such co-operation in planning discipline leaves no opportunity for parley and no chance for complaint of injustice.—By Wm. Byron Forbush, Ph.D.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A TALK WITH MY DOG.

What are you thinking of, my little dog, who came to me a few months ago, as you regard me with your brown, inquiring eyes in your perplexed little face? I was the first thing you saw when you commenced to see at all, and ever since you have regarded me with this apparent perplexity, my little dog, and you don't seem to have solved the puzzle which possesses you. You don't regard any one or anything else in the same way? What is it that makes you look at me so?

I believe, my little dog, you are trying to realize who and what I am. You are trying with all your thoughts, mind, and soul to fix my place in your life. And I fear greatly, my little dog, that you are resolving to regard me as your God. I wish you wouldn't, you little trusting thing. Pray don't, my little dog. Perhaps I may have done something to merit your esteem, but if you knew more about me—and all about my race—little puzzler, I am much afraid that this tremendous problem expressed in your eyes would puzzle you no more.

Stay! "Thoughts, mind, and soul." You haven't any. Wise people, constituting the majority of my race—as they always do—tell me that you haven't any. That's the difference between you and me, which establishes my immeasurable superiority over you and admits of your regarding me as your God. You are all very well, but after all, you are "only an animal"; something specially created your race for the use of mine; I am a special entity in Creation, and all you four-footed people have been created around me specially to conduce to my personal welfare. We can't admit that you think, and so you cannot possibly have a mind; and as for "a soul,"—that is out of the question. What was it my Reverend friend told us when we met him the other day? He thought "that the souls of men were worth infinitely more consideration than the welfare of all the dogs put together." You see, my little dog, you don't do—and you can't do—the things that

my Race does and can do; that's where you are so infinitely inferior. You've no reasoning capacity; therefore, what you lack, you with your honest, brown, inquiring eyes, is morality. Too big a word for you? You understand much I say, but you don't know what that means? Well, don't puzzle over it now, little dog, but as you grow up just study *my Kind*.

Strange to think, in regarding you physically, of the undeniable fact that your ancestors were wolves. But not nearly so great a problem as to realize that fact in regarding your mentality. To think that you are in the least degree related to an animal who slinks and lurks, is individually cowardly, and selfish and cruel! Yet you are above all things open, frank,—the negation of deceit,—timid, it is true; and the very personification of self-sacrifice and pure disinterested love. I wonder where I can find amongst my own Kind such self-abnegation as yours? For you have forsaken your Kind, have discarded all its natural instincts and aptitudes, and defer to me to regulate your existence according to *my* requirements and necessities. You have forsaken all and you follow me. And you are an animal and you came from the wolf. A great gulf between you and them, my little dog; you have travelled far. We call it evolution. I wonder, now,—I wonder!—I can't help wondering—whether my Race has travelled nearly as far over that gulf as yours has?

Let me see! You destroy your young—when they are unfit. Is there anything else? Yes, I quite think you would steal on an easy occasion, if your necessities prompted you to do so. That means putting to your own use something created or owned by somebody else. Oh, yes! and you have torn up and destroyed things you have got hold of. Any more faults? No, I can't think of any. Now you see, my little dog, such actions as these put and keep you beneath all comparison with my Kind, who—who—who—er—um—

I've been thinking it out whilst you slept on the mat at my feet, and I am not quite sure where I am. Upon my word, you little mongrel,—for whom no human being would give me twopence,—I am not sure but that, judged by human standards, your Race is not transcendently superior to mine, in ethics, in practice, and in wisdom. We don't destroy our unfit; no. All over this world we are picking out and killing *our* fittest. I wonder, now, whether you would think that wisdom? It's a fair, beautiful, and well ordered world in which you and I live, the best of all possible worlds for you and for us;

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE SNOW IMAGE:

A CHILDISH MIRACLE.

(Continued from last number.)

abundance for supplying all our necessities; more than we want. Yet we, with our "thoughts, minds, and souls," have so ordered it that we are fighting to obtain, not what we individually must have for subsistence—for there is no occasion for that—but an excess unnecessary and unusable, from what other men have created and own. I can't help thinking we are endeavoring to destroy the balance of nature. Yet I have never seen your Kind do that.

How do you compare as regards your tendency for destroying things? I don't have to think about that very deeply. You, at all events, don't realize the value of what you are destroying, and you destroy in merriment and a sheer love of life. *We* are doing it—doing it over hundreds of miles—with a cold, calculated ruthless ferocity, doing it as *IT*.

I have seen you bury your bones against the boneless day. Now I wonder—if none of your Kind existed or had ever existed, and a specially created reasoning and articulate dog was sent down from Heaven to observe this world—I wonder what he would say if he saw one set of men sending to the bottom of the sea thousands of tons of food which had been carefully prepared by men for the use of men. I wonder if even a dog so endowed as he could realize the fact, how long it would take him to realize it, and what he would report upon the race which perpetrated such an act?

No, my little friend, I—at all events—do not feel myself worthy of being your God. There are plenty of us who think ourselves Gods, but, somehow or other, I don't think they have ever communed with dogs. I can't get away from the fact that all that is most beautiful inherently in human nature,—and all that we men may strive towards and attain by the exercise of our "thoughts, minds, and souls," are always in you naturally. I wonder how far a man would be behind the Christ if he acquired the natural virtues of a dog? Self-sacrifice, forgiveness, and unalloyed Love. No, I am afraid we are a long way behind you. Just now millions of us, bright, young lives, full of the joy of life, with full capacities for appreciating happiness, and capabilities for helping towards the upraising of Mankind,—thousands of us are sacrificing it all to ensure the welfare of those, and the lands, they love—one and all, sublime in their Love, unselfishness, and their sacrifice; to whose memories we shall always bare and bow our heads. They were the instruments of a Mighty Spirit. My little dog, I feel inclined to bow my head to you.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

—By Francis A. Cox,
Hon. Secretary Nat. Equine
Defence League, London, Eng.

His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest, almost awestricken gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

"After all, husband," said the mother, recurring to her idea that the angels would be as much delighted to play with Violet and Peony as she herself was, "after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child, and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

Without further talk, and always with the same best intentions, this highly benevolent and common-sensible individual led the little white damsel—drooping, drooping, drooping, more and more—out of the frosty air, and into his comfortable parlor. A Heidenberg stove, filled to the brim with intensely burning anthracite, was sending a bright gleam through the isinglass of its iron door, and causing the vase of water on its top to fume and bubble with excitement. A warm, sultry smell was diffused throughout the room. A thermometer on the wall furthest from the stove stood at eighty degrees. The parlor was hung with red curtains, and covered with a red carpet, and looked just as warm as it felt. The difference betwixt the atmosphere here and the cold, wintry twilight out of doors was like stepping at once from Nova Zembla to the hottest part of India, or from the North Pole into an oven. Oh, this was a fine place for the little white stranger!

The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearth-rug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. "Make yourself at home, my child."

Sad, sad and drooping, looked the little

white maiden, as she stood on the hearth-rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence. Once, she threw a glance wistfully toward the windows, and caught a glimpse, through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window-panes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woollen shawl or blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors, and find out where she belongs."

The mother, meanwhile, had gone in search of the shawl and stockings; for her own view of the matter, however subtle and delicate, had given way, as it always did, to the stubborn materialism of her husband. Without heeding the remonstrances of his two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor door carefully behind him. Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, he emerged from the house, and had barely reached the street-gate, when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony, and the rapping of a thimble finger against the parlor window.

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window-panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as he reëntered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor—dear—beau-ti-ful little snow-sister is thawed!"

And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this every-day world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife. She could only reply, that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth-rug.

"And there you see all that is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water, in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him, through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister!"

"Naughty father!" cried Peony, stamping his foot, and—I shudder to say—shaking his little fist at the common-sensible man. "We told you how it would be! What for did you bring her in?"

And the Heidenberg stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey, like a red-eyed demon, triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

This, you will observe, was one of those rare cases, which yet will occasionally happen, where common-sense finds itself at fault. The remarkable story of the snow-image, though to that sagacious class of people to whom good Mr. Lindsey belongs it may seem but a childish affair, is, nevertheless, capable of being moralized in various methods, greatly for their edification. One of its lessons, for instance, might be, that it behooves men, and especially men of benevolence, to consider well what they are about, and, before acting on their philanthropic purposes, to be quite sure that they comprehend the nature and all the relations of the business in hand. What has been established as an element of good to one being may prove absolute mischief to another; even as the warmth of the parlor was proper enough for children of flesh and blood, like Violet and Peony,—though by no means very wholesome, even for them,—but involved nothing short of annihilation to the unfortunate snow-image.

But, after all, there is no teaching anything to wise men of good Mr. Lindsey's stamp. They know everything—oh, to be sure!—everything that has been, and everything that is, and everything that, by any future possibility, can be. And should some phenomenon of nature or providence transcend their system, they will not recognize it, even if it come to pass under their very noses.

"Wife," said Mr. Lindsey, after a fit of silence, "see what a quantity of snow the children have brought in on their feet! It has made quite a puddle here before the stove. Pray tell Dora to bring some towels and sop it up!"—*By Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

Every spirit makes its house, but afterwards the house confines the spirit.—*Emerson.*

LINCOLN'S FAITH IN PRAYER AFTER GETTYSBURG.

It may be his early beliefs were unsettled and variable; but it is certain that our great war, as it progressed, sobered and steadied him, and that in the end he came to accept as the rule of his life "to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God." As striking evidence of this, I beg to give a significant conversation of his in my presence, in July, 1863, in Washington, D.C., on the Sunday after the Battle of Gettysburg. Gen. Sickles of New York had lost a leg on the second day at Gettysburg, while in command of the Third corps, and arrived in Washington on the Sunday following (July 5). As a member of his staff, I called to see him, and while there Mr. Lincoln also called, with his son Tad, and remained an hour or more. He greeted Sickles very heartily and kindly, of course, and complimented him on his stout fight at Gettysburg, and then, after inquiring about our killed and wounded generally, passed on to the question as to what Meade was going to do with his victory. They discussed this pro and con at some length, Lincoln hoping for great results if Meade only pressed Lee actively, but Sickles was dubious and diplomatic, as became so astute a man. And then, presently, Gen. Sickles turned to him, and asked what he thought during the Gettysburg campaign, and whether he was not anxious about it?

Mr. Lincoln said gravely, no, he was not; that some of his Cabinet and many others in Washington were, but that he himself had had no fears. Gen. Sickles inquired how this was, and seemed curious about it. Mr. Lincoln hesitated, but finally replied: "Well, I will tell you how it was. In the pinch of your campaign up there, when everybody seemed panic-stricken, and nobody could tell what was going to happen, oppressed by the gravity of our affairs, I went into my room one day and locked the door, and got down on my knees before Almighty God, and prayed to him mightily for victory at Gettysburg. I told him this was his war, and our cause his cause, but that we couldn't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And I then and there made a solemn vow to Almighty God that if he would stand by our boys at Gettysburg I would stand by him. And he did, and I will. And after that—I don't know how it was and I can't explain it—but soon a sweet comfort crept into my soul that things would go all right at Gettysburg and that is why I had no fears about you." He said this solemnly and pathetically, as

if from the very depths of his heart, and both Sickles and I were deeply touched by his manner.

Presently Gen. Sickles asked him what news he had from Vicksburg. He answered he had none worth mentioning, but that Grant was still "pegging away" down there, and he thought a good deal of him as a general and wasn't going to remove him, though urged to do so; and "besides," he added, "I have been praying over Vicksburg also, and believe our Heavenly Father is going to give us victory there too, because we need it, in order to bisect the Confederacy and have the Mississippi flow unvexed to the sea." Of course he did not know that Vicksburg had already fallen, July 4, and that a gunboat was soon to arrive at Cairo with the great news that was to make that Fourth of July memorable in history forever.

He said these things very deliberately and touchingly, as if he believed thoroughly in them. Of course, I do not give his exact words, but very nearly his words, and his ideas precisely. He asked us not to repeat what he said—at least, not then—lest "people might laugh, you know." But his tragic death, and the long lapse of years since, and his imputed infidelity if not atheism, would seem to justify my speaking now.—*Gen. James F. Rushing, LL.D.*

LINCOLN!

From ignorance to the highest power, from the tallow dip to the fierce light that beats upon thrones, from humility to grandeur, his walk was always that of a modest struggler who was sincere in every thought and ambition and who loved well "every man and bird and beast."

He reached the heights by virtue of his grasp of public issues and the plain solution he found for them. It was genius and it was heart. He had the genius to cope with the greatest problem the Anglo-Saxon race has ever faced, and he had a heart that solved it to the satisfaction of all the ages.

So great and so simple, he will live forever in song and story, and though at the head of all the armies of his country, he will be loved most for his gentleness and his desire for peace.

I have still some copies of Mr. Tilden's beautiful book "Leaflets for Lent" which I shall be glad to send to any one interested, ministers to have the first choice. Address: Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

COMIC GEOGRAPHY.

1. What country is always lamenting?
2. What is a good country to be angry in?
3. What country is never warm?
4. What country always wants food?
5. To which city should one go to buy paper at wholesale?
6. What city is in a state of conflagration?
7. What is the best country for a hair cut?
8. What is a good country for fishing rods?
9. What is a good country for frying?
10. In which country are you likely to be gobbled up?

—Selected.

II.

CONCEALED VEGETABLES.

1. Come here, Conrad, dish-washing is now going on.
2. Madge, be an industrious person.
3. Do you know, Tom, atoms are very small?
4. Give me a sample of that piece.
5. The cornucopia is a symbol of plenty.
6. I wrote a composition on Ionic architecture.
7. I had a flower-pot at our party.
8. Aunt Maria came in a cab, bag, elegant umbrella, and suit case.
9. Peter came on the car, rotund and florid.

—CAROLINE MARR.

The Comic Geography and Concealed Vegetables are taken from *The Beacon*, a paper from which the Editor has received valuable aid.

III.

MIXED WORD SQUARE.

PVRTANSNOVEPRTEROSSESOSROE.

Rearrange the above twenty-five letters into five words that will form a word square.

IV.

A PUZZLE OF DEGREES.

1. Positive, a vessel to hold milk. Comparative, a gait of a horse.

2. Positive, to clothe. Comparative, a kitchen table.

3. Positive, to sketch. Comparative, a part of a bureau.

4. Positive, to delay. Comparative, a servant.

5. Positive, to permit. Comparative, a written message.

—Every Other Sunday.

V.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In written, but not in printed.
 In art, but not in picture.
 In snow, but not in rain.
 In house, but not in barn.
 In inn, but not in hotel.
 In north, but not in south.
 In garden, but not in lawn.
 In ton, but not in pound.
 In oven, but not in stove.
 In animal, but not in boat.
 My *whole* is the name of a famous person connected with February.

Answers to puzzles in the January number.

I. ACROSTIC: GALVESTON
 HAMPSHIRE
 WORCESTER
 SALISBURY
 EDINBURGH
 AUSTRALIA
 ANNAPOLIS
 TWAYBLADE
 ABBATUCCI

Garibaldi.

II. REVERSIBLE WORDS: 1. Tuber—rebut.
 2. Ward—draw. 3. Pit—tip. 4. Drawer—reward. 5. Drab—bard. 6. Rail—liar.

III. A SECRET CODE (key: Reverse every other word and in the words not reversed supply vowels): Dear Mae: Why don't you come to see me any more? Please come on the very next holiday and bring your fancy work, and sit as long as you can. We miss you when you are not here. Your loving friend, Clara.

IV. LITERARY CONTEST: Old Roads Out of Philadelphia, A War Zone Gadabout, The Apostle of Alaska, Vagabonding down the Andes, New Wars for Old, In Canada's Wonderful Northland, The Future of the Working Classes.

V. NUMERICAL PUZZLE: Ivanhoe, The Seats of the Mighty, Montcalm and Wolfe, A Modern Chronicle, The Presidency.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

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The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Franklin Street, Newton, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, March 1, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are invited to be present.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following lady has volunteered to take charge of the music:—

FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, APPLY TO MRS. THOMAS LACEY, 145 GRAND VIEW AVENUE, WOLLASTON, MASS.

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The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss I. Freeman Clarke.

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